

Congratulations to the Winners of the Teen Writing Challenge

Grades 6—8

Honorable Mention—Mia Tremblay

Growing Up

Childhood.
A world,
where no one cares.
Where no one wakes up early
to make sure their hair is perfect,
that their shirts aren't stained.
Where having crumbs,
sprinkled on your cheeks
is a usual thing.
I dream of going back
to that wonderful place.

A place where my best friends were
Webkinz.
Dozens and dozens,
scattered around the house.
And it was typical
to believe that,
without a goodnight kiss and hug,
a Webkinz's feelings would be hurt.
As a child I would never imagine
doing such a cruel thing.

And here I am,
at Long Park,
staring enviously at my sisters.
Jealous of their seemingly ever-lasting
imagination.
They scramble up a pile of sand,
pretending to be dragons.

They jump off flapping their arms,
dig in the sand to make nests,
behead pretend humans.
I finally realize,
no matter how much I fantasize,
I can't return to that wonderful world.
I need to move on;
everyone does.
Everyone needs to continue on,
living with a little piece of childhood
inside them.

Now, head in hands,
trying to concentrate,
trying to determine
which variable I am supposed to isolate,
I miss those precious days.
Where sleeping children,
still out cold once nap time is over,
could miss out on learning subtraction.
I long for the opportunity,
to have such a simpler life.

Oh, the imagination that has ceased to
exist!
Nowadays, everything is
“not possible.”
“unreasonable.”
Suddenly, rocks in the woods are simply
rocks.
Not boulders you must dare to climb,
not stepping stones to cross poisonous
rivers.
Now, you can't run through the woods,
flapping your arms like an eagle,
without looking silly.

